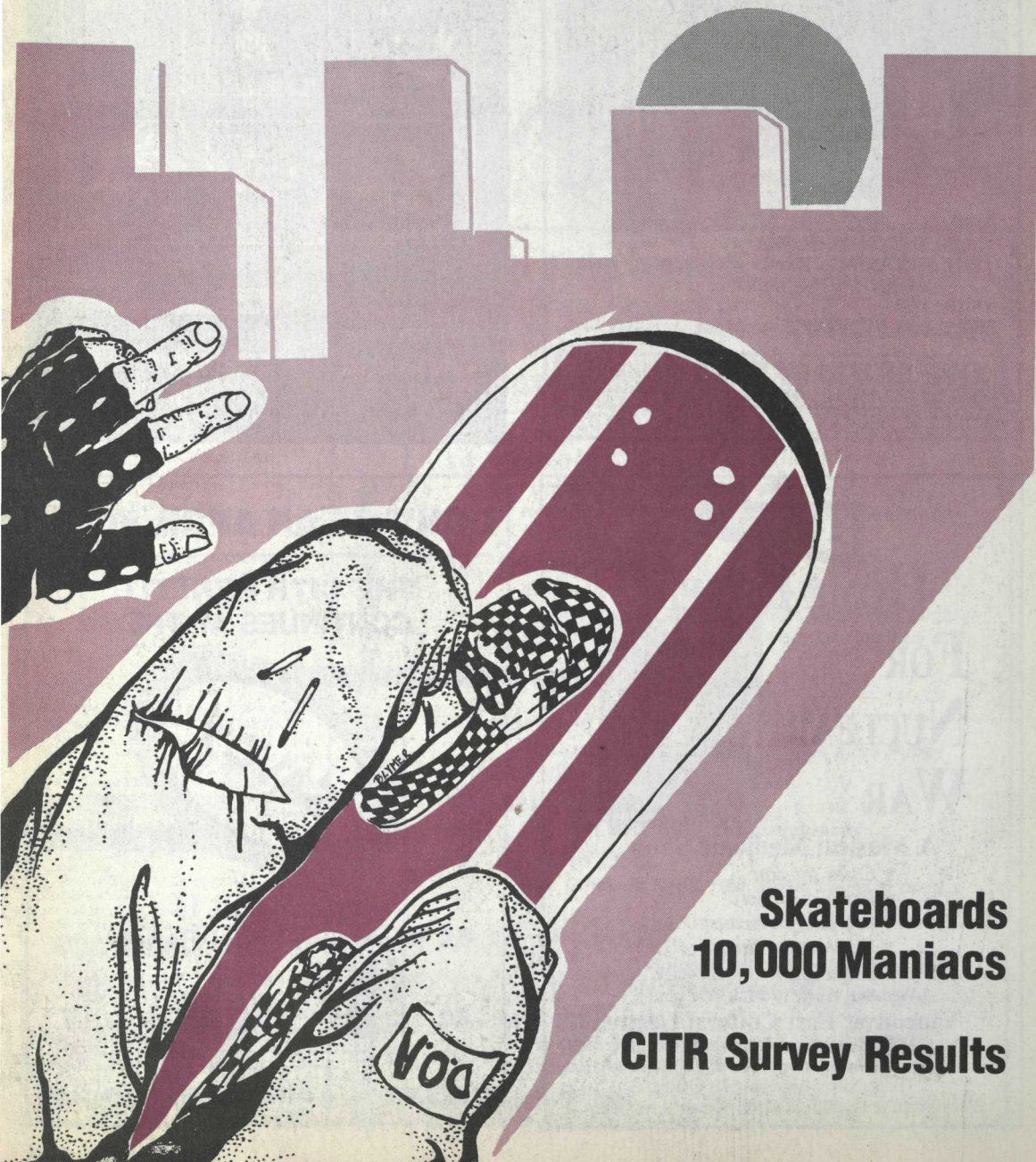


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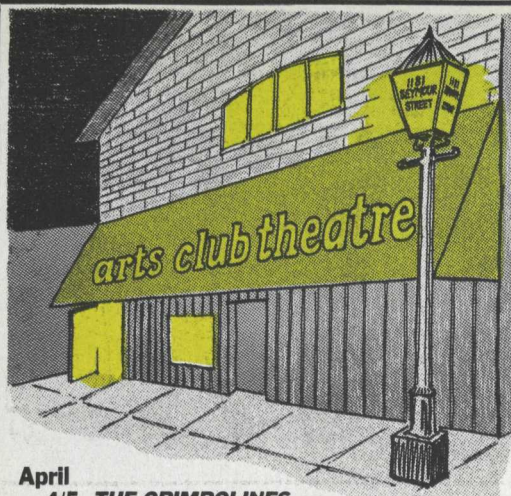
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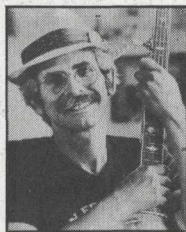
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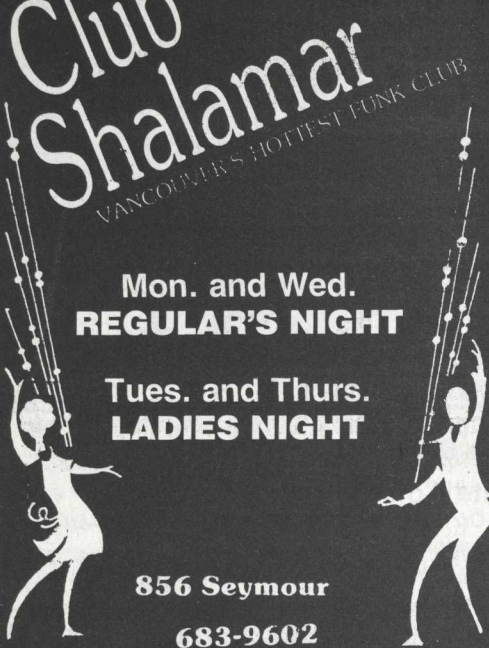
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These are just a few of the replies we received regarding the Tong and Corruption letters. I don't know about you, but I think it's encouraging to see that people are willing to take pen in hand and let themselves be heard when it comes to the really important issues.

Hip Alone

Dear Airhead,

I got your mag through a pen-pal in Richmond and as I was flipping through I happened upon a letter in Airhead that complained about the boppers catching up with Depeche Mode. My sister and I totally agree. Down here in Milwaukee the situation isn't much better. All these people that are devoted to their Top 40 radio stations think they have discovered the next big thing. The DJs don't help much either. What is a person supposed to do but become paranoid? I'm confused.

And people look at me strange when I bring my Skinny Puppy. Grapes of Wrath, Husker Du and INXS tapes to school (yep, I'm a student). These are also the people who think that punk died with Sid Vicious (who they never heard of anyway) and all that other crap. Eek.

Next thing you know, some of the real alternative stuff, such as X Mal Deutschland, Fad Gadget, Cocteau Twins, and Hunters and Collectors will pop up where you least expect it.

Well, I feel better now. I'll add that if I lived in Vancouver, CTR would be blasting from my radio. But at least there's one college station here that's worth its weight in vinyl.

Kim Wobick

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

More Puppy Stuff

Dear Airhead,

Re: I, Corruption's letter, March Airhead.

This letter is not written to slag Skinny Puppy. That would be too easy. No, this letter is only to slag folks like Mr. Corruption.

Anyone who has taken marketing knows that there are four stages to successfully selling a product. There are those who try

the product first, those who follow their peer group, mass acceptance, and those who never bite the lure.

Now, to get to the point. Skinny Puppy never had a trial stage. They were the brainchild of Terry "Malcolm" McBride's brilliant marketing company, Netzwerk. So, if Skinny Puppy was nothing more than a sanitized, easy-to-use-death-rock substitute, then aren't you really admitting how stupid and gullible you are to have been a Puppy fan even before the Shaker Babies?

Not afraid to use my real name,
Rob Elliot

and so on... and so on...

Dear Airhead,

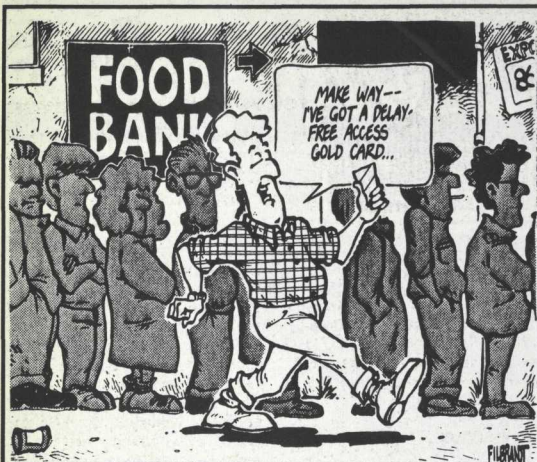
Re: I, Corruption's letter in the March issue of *Discorder*.

I agree with K*** Tong and I. Corruption that it is sickening to see all the trendies swarming around Skinny Puppy. The fact is, Skinny Puppy is currently an "in" band with teenage girls. But that doesn't mean that Puppy is no longer any good. Nor does that mean that we should disassociate ourselves from them. Puppy is not being "zapped up" by outsiders... they're just appealing to a wider audience.

This brings to mind a discussion I had with some other CTR listeners. Each of us, at one time or another, had stopped listening to a band because it had crossed over. That is, it got airplay on one of the Top 40 stations. Because the "outsiders" liked this band, we would no longer listen to them. It was our way of disassociating ourselves from the mainstream and protecting our subculture image. This was embarrassing since it reflected an elitist attitude on our part.

The point I'm trying to make is this: *it is the music that matters, not the image that the listeners are trying to maintain.* So support any band that you like and forget about what others think. And if the trendies are being tedious and obnoxious at concerts, douse 'em with a drink.

Respectfully,
Larry Soo



An Open Letter to K.D. Lang

Dear K.D.,

You did what seemed a beautiful affirmation of integrity on a showbiz award spectacle that I saw awhile back. When it was announced by a celebrity that you had won a statue for being the most promising young performer in Canada, you tossed on a wedding dress over your designer runners and ran like a mad scab to the alter and promised to either always make music for the right reasons or never make music for the wrong reasons. (Since this was on TV and I wasn't taping it, I can't quote you verbatim). I was as knocked out by that moment of truth and beauty and the Canadian Way as I was by your record.

Now, my sweet man tells me that you are going to appear at Expo "Sun City" '86 (he read it in an official Social Credit Party of B.C. free-to-and-paid-for-by-every-taxpayer newspaper). I got kind of hot about people like you and Bob Bossin and Ronnie Hawkins involving yourselves in this fundraiser for the war against the poor.

Then my sweetie, a cooler head, pointed out that you and the rest may not realize what's going on out here.

So what can I tell you? Montreal is just paying off the last of its world's fair debt from 1967. Those were prosperous times and the rate of interest was far lower than now. The assistance programs have been thrashed by legalized theft in order to bankroll this megawelfare scheme for the haves. Last weekend in Vancouver, one of the food banks had to turn away hundreds of people after they had already fed about 3,000.

On the same weekend, the scandal-ridden cabinet of the party in power chartered a ferry boat and circled around the Lion's Gate bridge while some less fortunate people got paid a bit of money to string \$300,000 worth of lights along the bridge above. The cost of this spectacle was not borne by the politicians' personal fortunes but by the public purse. Many people are being kicked out of their homes and neighbourhoods to make room for Expo parking lots, hotels, etc., or just so someone can make more money off their living quarters during the fair. Thus social entities that bridge several generations are being uprooted and destroyed for one 6-months' circus of greed. In Alberta, your home province, I hear things are not so good either. Calgary has gone from boom to bust in a pretty short time. Anti-Semitism is growing.

Is this our choice—Third World or Third Reich? How about getting the artistic shit together and sing out "We Ain't Gonna Play Rain City?" The homeless don't buy records. Besides, you made a promise!

Judy Kootenay

P.S. It costs \$20 just to get into the gates of Expo 86.



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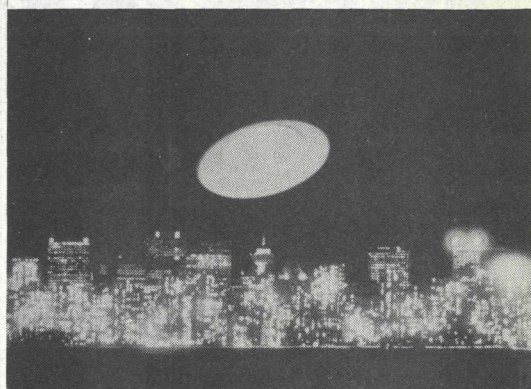
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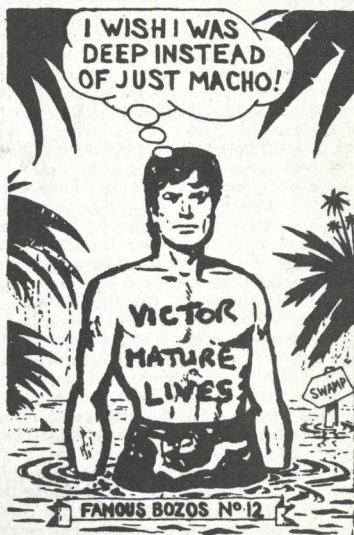


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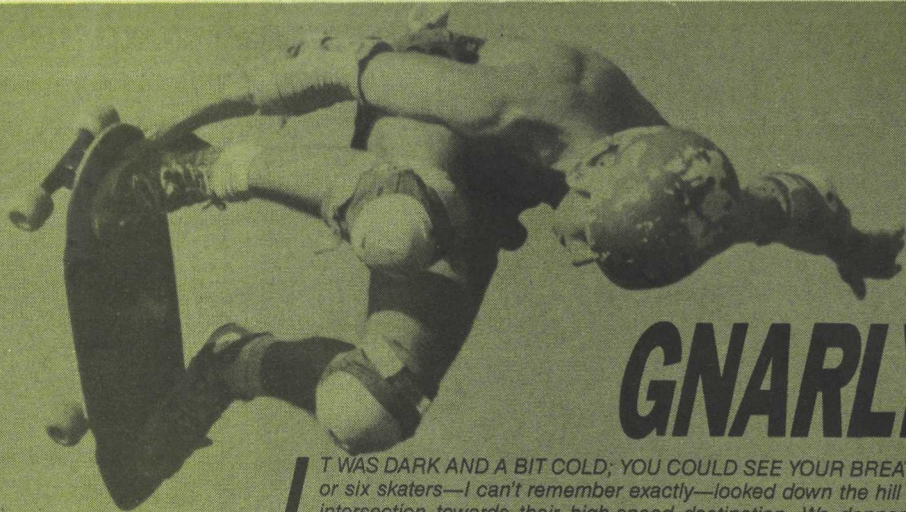


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IT WAS DARK AND A BIT COLD; YOU COULD SEE YOUR BREATH. FIVE or six skaters—I can't remember exactly—looked down the hill past the intersection towards their high-speed destination. We donned gloves, checked one last time to dial in the crucial timing, pointed skateboards down and pushed off. Speed. It was picking up as we neared the first intersection, wheels on blacktop, bearings spinning, crouched, leaning forward, faster, faster, the traffic light still red, red, then green. Blam! Blam! Blam! Each skater cut through the intersection in the middle of the street. Heading now towards the second crossroads at increasing velocity. Muscles tense as cars cross left and right in front of us. Pedestrians walk back and forth and the light turns green as skater after skater screams through the intersection. Shoppers are startled, drivers bewildered, babies cry, people are scared. Through one more set of lights and then a full-on butt slide to make it around the corner. We head towards a parkade session.

UNLESS YOU'VE BEEN locked in a closet for the last year or so you'll have noticed skateboarding is big again. The actual boards are big, the numbers of people riding are big, even some of the people riding are big. Little Johnny down the block has got one and plays in traffic. Just the other day four Mohican skaters slammed full into you and made you drop the week's groceries. You cannot ride the bus without spotting at least one rat hanging his thrashed high-tops into the aisle while his skateboard takes up the other seat. Why this sudden popularity?

Skateboarding has been with us since Frank Nasworthy invented the urethane wheel, breaking all barriers to the aggro-tendencies of your average skater and making it much less difficult for the masses to roll down their driveways. Previously, skateboard wheels were made of rock-hard clay, and the board was a slab of plywood atop an old 2x4 you'd found in the back alley. The whole thing was nailed together into a basically non-functional unit. The transition from clay to urethane wheels was to skateboarding what the switch from square to round was

to the cavemen. Things began to look brighter. Boards were being designed by skaters to conform to their needs. The new boards were stronger, improved truck designs allowed quicker, tighter turning. Wheels came in various hardnesses, so that they could absorb the bumpy terrain or blaze on smooth asphalt.

These changes made skateboarding more accessible and more fun, but then kids began to fall off, and get ripped off, and they soon bailed out, leaving behind the devoted, the skaters with kryptonite blood in their veins. By 1980 the boom had ended. The skate parks had closed down and the con artists were either in jail or in Jamaica. The intensive lifestyle of the remaining skaters found a soundtrack in punk rock and the two fuelled and fed on each other.

Skateboarding continued to break new ground, but it was done in the streets and in backyards and on the skaters' own terms. Vertical riding was pushed to extreme degrees of insanity on backyard ramps. The potential of the streets as a no-limits gnarly-man's playground was explored. Even free-styling became mind-blowing. This Darwi-

A Skate Confession

By Terry Orr

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nian process has led us to the present day, and new revolution of skateboard technology that has meant an explosion of new recruits. The cycle will, of course, repeat, and again skateboarding will fade to the background—but it will not die. And for now, those young skaters, old skaters, and new skaters have discovered the essential truth: skateboarding is cool.

"Oh my gawd, Martha," exclaimed the wide-eyed pedestrian to his wife. "That there skateboarder fella just fully tweaked a way-harsh-extend-texas-plant off of the bus stop and surfed it out."

"Yes dear," replied the wife, smiling thinly and popping another pill into her husband's mouth.

OBVIOUSLY, SKATEBOARDING is surf inspired. Get low and go with the flow is at the root of almost every skate move. It finds itself predominantly expressed in bankriding. Any skateable bank or incline can be transformed into an imaginary wave and tapped repeatedly for maximum soul-searching rides. After years of scoping out potential terrain the skater's eye can home in on a new bank or pool instinctively. Quicker than you can say "awright, dude," a sedate urban setting will explode into a way-gnarly skate hotspot. Carves, lip slides, berts, laybacks, point your fingers for extra style, flow, shred, teach that bank a lesson it will not soon forget. Locations like the Expo banks, Granville bank, China Creek bowls, North Van bowl, the planter in front of the 7-11 on Broadway & Arbutus, or your neighbour's driveway are begging to be skated.

If you can't find any decent terrain, you can always create your own. I'm not talking about the killer Noah's Ark half-pipe construction project in your Grandma's strawberry patch (but if you could...). Stick a sheet of plywood on a box or use two trash cans as supports and blast airs off the side, or try to grind the top without falling over end. If it's a bit rickety, that's cool because it will improve your reflexes and you'll be ready to bail when it collapses in a pile of dust. Then build a half-pipe. A half-pipe is a U-shaped structure achieving a vertical incline in which the skater rides back and forth between the two walls, propelling himself against gravity by thrusting his legs. Although a high-speed downhill run takes balls, a half-pipe with a couple of feet of vert is what separates the men from the boys (or, presumably, the girls from the women). Picture yourself riding the flat wall of the outside of your house. Picture yourself bomb dropping off your rooftop and riding your skateboard straight down the wall. But that's not all. On a half-pipe you can ride the transition and then go up the other side. Don't forget to throw in a monorail, a sweeper, a backside boneless, a lofty six-



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foot air (that's six feet above the top of a ten-foot ramp, sports fans) and finally an invert for good measure. The tricks pulled off by today's riders are insane; learning these tricks so that you can achieve your dream of skate star status isn't easy either. You can't jam out, but you don't want to hang up and plunge to the ramp bottom in a four-point body slam or a face plant. No one wants to be carted away like a blob of jello.

Dear Mr. Police Officer,

Please don't give me a ticket for skateboarding. You see, I'm just trying to get from point A to point B. It's just that I don't always take the most direct route. If there's a curb that needs grinding, a mailbox that needs me to foot-plant off it, or a drain that needs to be hopped over, then I'm going to do it. I can skate faster and in better control than most people can walk. If you lock me up I'll shred the prison hallways. It's in my blood, bud. Later,

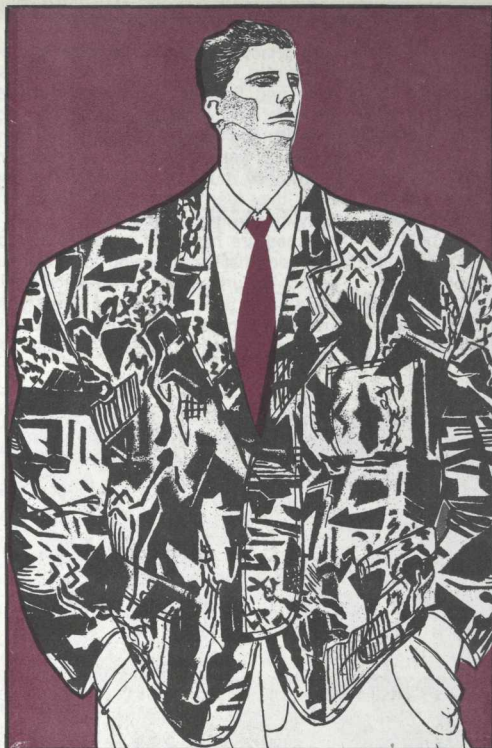
Joe Skater

THE MAJORITY OF SKATE RATS are tuned into the street experience. The problem lies in applying a non-traditional use to something that generally only functions in a traditional role. Innovation is met with ignorance and ignorance usually breeds fear. Those same people that freaked out from atop their horse-drawn buggies when they witnessed the introduction of the automobile have been reincarnated as today's pedestrian. They simply cannot relate to the mobility of a skateboarder weaving through them like slalom cones. They want to plod along, read the newspaper, count birds in the sky, window shop, or preoccupy themselves with what to cook for dinner when the boss comes over. The solution is to ignore them and keep skating.

The street skating philosophy rests on one principle: no rules. Redefine the confines of your mind, explore the limits, grab the maximum yield out of life. Streetskating is not a newspaper shot of a boy being pulled down the road by his choking cross-breed mutt. Streetskating is bomb-dropping off car roofs, acid dropping off ledges, shaking past a cackle of secretaries, bus surfing, downhill speed runs or a heated parkade session, racing from top to bottom and sometimes dogpiling into one massive wipe-out halfway down.

Every Sunday the Bentall Centre gets a visit from the twenty skaters bent on parkade action. There's nothing as intense as a race round and round the ramps at full speed, trying to inch past the guy in front while wondering whether a car will be coming up to greet you at turn 7.

Blaring at maximum tilt to catch the bus while ignoring all pedestrians is pretty cool too, if you make it. Get on the bus, smile at the bus driver (who was playing the



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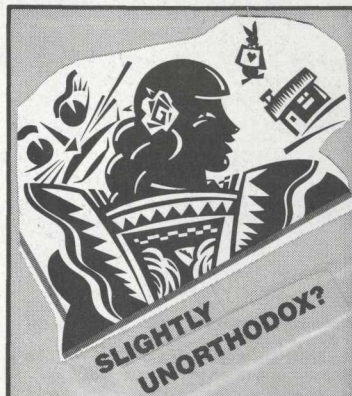
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ignore-the-potential-passenger game, but you won), then give him the thumbs up sign and say "Right awn" while stuffing a stupid dollar bill into the farebox. Skate to the back. (P.S. Grab a transfer, just in case.)

A SKATER'S APPEARANCE is a tribute to function. There are no designer labels longer than the name Levi's. 501's seem to be the mainstay because they hang loose and don't restrict body movement. They also stand up to repeated trashing. They're usually dusty and worn thin in the butt and on the hips, patched over with repulsively mismatched swat-

ches of lime-green or paisley. The cuffs are sometimes rolled up for maximum clearance and flexibility of ankles and feet. Shorts of various styles are also common (if only for the thick-skinned). The only thing not worth wearing is a pair of expensive, lightweight, multi-coloured California specials; they tear to shreds the instant the body meets the pavement.

Shoes are high-tops for ankle support and good flat tread design for maximum surface-to-surface grip. Vans are the official skate shoe, but other canvas runners are just as effective. Most skaters refuse to throw away a well-worn set of footwear. The



result is many coatings of shoe-goo, knots up and down the laces, and duct tape holding the toes in and the sides together.

Some sort of skate-T is also common, usually printed with a favorite skateboard manufacturer logo. The shirt may have long sleeves or the sleeves cut off, it may have numerous rips in it. It may well be less than half a shirt.

Gloves are used to lessen the severity of slapping palms on the sidewalk. Leather jackets, team vest, socks and hairstyle are all optional. Jewellery and scarves are a liability because they can get caught in the wheels and cause the skater's face to kiss the concrete.

Although it may turn the stomach of a fashion designer, the skater's gear is comfortable and it works. With the addition of a hot band name written in felt pen, a sticker here and there, with an outfit that is glued, pinned, patched and taped together, with cuts, abrasions, and scabs on exposed skin, and with board underfoot, the skater sets himself apart from the non-skating world.

A skateboard is not a fashion accessory. On the physical level it's an extension of your feet. On the mental level, it reflects your outlook on life. Some skaters live on their boards. They sit on it to eat lunch, they

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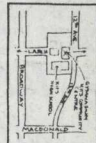
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use it for a pillow when catching some zzzzs, they try new moves in the living room when it's raining outside. Remember that attitude is more important than appearance. Don't pose, don't sit idly by and watch—make it happen.

Finally, the answer to the question "Why skateboard?!" Just after he filmed *Easy Rider*, I had a talk with Peter Fonda. (Yeah, sure...Ed.) He said that the movie was about freedom and that his bike was the ultimate freedom. I held up my skate, slapped him on the back and said, "Yeah, Pete, I know what you're saying." Some were born to follow the leader, the rest were born to skateboard.

An Obligatory Guide to Skate Lingo

slam: eat it, pay the piper; also ancient dance step

Dial in that puppy: tune your skate; wire a trick

gnarly: close to death, unruly, harsh, sketchy

"Rad-e-kal-mon": famous Mellow Cat saying

road rash: skater's skin disease, pizza

dude: bro

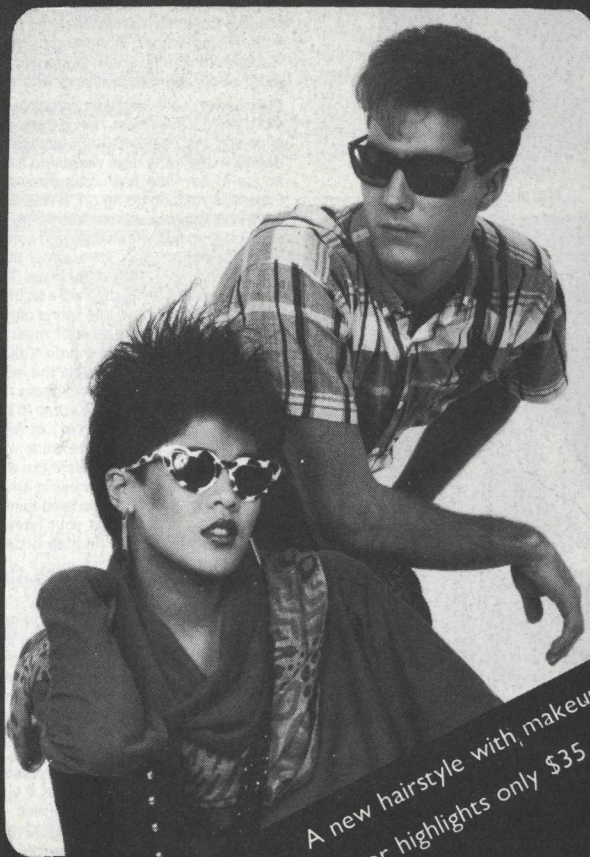
bail: jam, jamtart

wannabee: aren't

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10,000 Maniacs

Terry McDermott goes crazy with Maniac John Lombardo



Natalie Merchant



Dennis Drew



Jerry Augustyniak

1 0,000 MANIACS MAKE BEAUTIFUL music—Natalie Merchant's ethereal vocals, wandering over the weavings of the simple guitar structures of Robert Buck and John Lombardo—but with a chilling, evocative lyrical undertone. Their three albums, the independently released *Human Conflict* and *Secrets of the I Ching*, and their new LP *The Wishing Chair* have established the band as one of the rising voices in American music. Terry McDermott recently spoke to Maniac John Lombardo about the band's history and music.

Discorder: Let's start with something trivial and move onward from there. How did you come about choosing the name 10,000 Maniacs?

John: In the early days we rented a huge warehouse in our little town, Jamestown, because there was nothing going on. It was a pretty boring town. This warehouse was going to be used as a meeting place for artists and some dancers and musicians. There were about three bands that formed out of this warehouse. Then at the end of the summer as they were all breaking up, we all got together and just sort of played in bars with a real conglomeration of musicians from each band. We choose the name 10,000 Maniacs as a bit of a joke and to irritate the local people. Also that people who were into heavy metal cover bands wouldn't necessarily come to see us and yell AC/DC requests at us. We just wanted to let people know what side of the fence we were on. In those days we were a little more aggressive sounding but now I think it works in an ironic way, although sometimes people tend to make huge presuppositions based on your name. I'm not sure if we're limiting the number of people who might come and see us.

D: What was it like to work in Jamestown, N.Y.? Is that a college town?

J: No, it's not. There's a little community college. I think a lot of the people in the band actually met there. Dennis and Steve ran the radio station there. That's how they first met Natalie. She was like a 16-year-old student there and she came in with an armful of reggae records one afternoon. They talked her into coming down to rehearsals for their band. In the early days she didn't really want to come. We would have to bribe her to show up. In the last 4 years she's really turned into quite a performer.

D: You put out two records before *The Wishing Chair*, *Secrets of the I-Ching* and *Human Conflict* No. 5. I understand that you recorded one or both of them for \$500?

J: Both of them. There's a little four-year col-



John Lombardo

lege near where we live called Fidelity State and they have a program there where people become recording engineers. Most of the time they're music majors so they record themselves, but we found people who wanted to work on outside projects. They were both practically done on the first takes, all the way through. There was very little overdubbing. It was strange to see rewrites of them later criticizing the production not realizing that we did it all ourselves, and in two or three afternoons.

D: It really puts the emphasis on the strong songwriting of the band.

J: That's something that we have always been really concerned with. I see bands all the time in which the players are more accomplished on their instruments than we are, but they don't seem to have any logic to what they're doing. It's like a good actor in a bad play. You're only as good as the script. I think as far as a band goes it boils down to the script or the songwriting.

D: There are particular songs in which the band really takes a stance socially. "Among the Americans" is one that stands out. Does the band write songs with the intention of dealing with certain issues?

J: I think so. So many people have used the same topics over and over again. Somebody walking out on you, or being in love, or I have to be myself. It's all first person stuff. I guess we are just concerned with larger issues. The music that touched us the most has been music that has had positive social implications and meaning. We try not to be preachy. It's not like we are suggesting any specific answers. We just want people to think about their situation a little bit. It's a quiet despair really. Talking about the social issues and the unfairness of the wealth distribution. Not that every song is about that. We like to think that every song is individual.

D: It's interesting that you use the phrase 'quiet despair.' I was speaking with a band from Britain and they use the same term to describe what they were doing. It's an interesting parallel between America and Britain in that way.

J: In Britain people use music so much more. Music is a much more important part of their lives. There are 3 or 4 weekly music newspapers. The whole emphasis is on new bands. You're really held accountable as a musician for the lyrical content, for the subjects they sing about. In America, groups are given so much freedom, they are never challenged. No one ever pinned down Michael Jackson and said, "Why are you so irresponsible? And why, since you have this



Robert Buck

huge public forum, why can't you use it?" Everyone says what a nice person he is, but his lyrics are just as sexist and tacky as anyone else's. They're not held accountable for perpetuating attitudes of sexual violence. We just don't demand much, in Britain and Europe they demand ever so much more.

D: I think it's realizing the influence that music has on people.

J: Exactly, because when a kid in Britain doesn't have a job or doesn't have a car or doesn't have a blaster to walk around with, he more or less identifies with a certain music or a certain band that he might follow. Whereas in America, if you're a 16-year-old kid, you've got your own car and you have a tape machine and you've got a girlfriend. You don't identify with a band, you identify with other Corvette owners. We have so many other things to identify ourselves with that aren't present in Europe or Britain that it is logical to be loyal to a particular kind of music or a particular band.

D: Your new album was produced by Joe Boyd. How did you meet up with him and how do you think he affected your work?

J: We met Joe a few years ago. The booking agent that we have in N.Y. was sharing a floor in a building with Hannibal Records, which is Joe's label. He said, "I'm booking this band, Joe, you got to come hear them, they're kind of like folk-punk or something." Joe came to see us and he was quite impressed. He expressed an interest in working with us. Once we signed with Elektra and they started suggesting different producers. We really wanted to work with Joe because of his timeless production. Joe, on most of his records, had created... some of the old Fairport Convention, McGarrigle Sisters and Nick Drake records sounded like they were recorded on another planet. Very weird and very haunting, and we sort of wanted that quality. Joe was concerned with an overview of our work rather than specific guitar settings or whatever.

D: You must be facing comparisons with REM as their new album is also being produced by Joe Boyd.

J: In almost every article that's been written about us, REM has been mentioned. We don't get too bummed out about it. We just finished touring with them. I don't mind when people mention it. It was a bit of a drag because we settled on Joe first and actually we gave them Joe's tapes and they asked if they could use him too. They squeezed in before us. We knew their album would be coming out before ours, so



Steven Gustafson

everytime there was a review of our album it said: Joe Boyd, REM's producer. It was a little frustrating but we don't feel that uptight about it.

D: I don't really see the comparison myself. Someone mentioned to me that they thought Natalie Merchant was a female Mike Stipe.

J: I don't see it either. Some people say the way the lyrics are somewhat unintelligible is similar but in terms of our approaches they're really quite different. We're both very supportive of each other but I don't think there is anything too obvious.

D: Is it true that you were sort of adopted down in Athens, Georgia?

J: In a vague way. We moved down to Atlanta

in 1983 because we had some friends down there who told us that we could get signed and work every night of the week. We went down there and we didn't make any money, but I think we made a lot of initial contacts which helped in the long run. Plus it was great to work in an environment where the other bands would come out to your gigs, be extremely supportive, and let you stay at their houses. It was very refreshing. In the area that we came from, the bands were a lot more bitchy and resentful of each other and it was great to be in an environment that was extremely positive. In the world's history some of the great movements in art and theatre have been a real scene where people weren't afraid to work together.

D: How do you feel about the whole American rock revival?

J: It's weird. We spent some of the summer in London recording our last album. The press was talking about this American invasion and we were being lumped in with other bands. 10,000 Maniacs, Los Lobos, Jason & the Scorchers. I don't know what the common denominator is other than we don't use a drum machine. There's a comparable movement in Britain that's a reaction to the slick synth. You have a real folk-punk movement going on there with The Pogues, the Boothill Foottappers and the Men They Couldn't Hang. I think it's a pendulum reaction. A lot of emotion has been drained out of music. It's almost the same environment that created the punk explosion in '77.

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ACTIVATE!

ACTIVATE! is a four-part, multi-media programme of events to heighten awareness of the nuclear arms race and to induce you to "add your voice to the sound of the crowd" during the March for Peace Sunday, April 27th. Consider it a "butt-kicking in four parts."

Part one is the following article by Fiona Bowie. Part two is a montage of clips from various movies to be shown on Soundproof, Cable 10 on Friday, April 18th. Part three is a performance by several new local musicians/poets with pieces composed especially for the event at Channel One, Wednesday, April 23rd. Finally, part four is a three-hour special edition of Propaganda!, Saturday, April 26th (see program guide).

Your voice is needed.



"Most people want disarmament, but most people are inadvertently supporting the arms race by staying silent, by hiding behind the 'denial' or 'acceptance' positions, or by otherwise pretending to be uninvolved. It seems to me that with a threat of these dimensions, it can be said literally and accurately that those who are not part of the solution are in fact part of the problem."

T. James Stark, President
Operation Dismantle

WE HAVE BEEN AN INVENTIVE and constructive society, yet today our sleepy apathy is leaving the fate of our species to the interests of too few people. Our actions are threatening the very existence of all our past and future accomplishments, as well as other life on Earth (plants, fish, animals) who, for obvious reasons, are unable to influence policy dealing with their future. In the past, mankind has overcome the use of human sacrifice and slavery because the majority of the population was aware of it and concluded that these atrocities were not in the best interest of mankind. They became obsolete. It is time that we realize that war is not in our best interest in this nuclear age, and render it obsolete. We start by walking for peace, April 27th.

In our day-to-day existence our world does not extend beyond our individual needs and desires. The rest of the world is remote; it intrudes only when we find it is absolutely necessary or desirable and therefore we ignore problems facing the

Earth. The result is a feeling of fragmentation, alienation and powerlessness from which we can hide behind limitless distractions (nudge nudge, drink drink). The sense of powerlessness stops us from getting involved (even though we know our complacency is morally wrong). We do not understand the consequences of our lack of action. This is not surprising, because this is how we have learned to behave and react. Ambivalence has been, in our recent past, an acceptable outlook. Imagine how effective we would become if we gave the world even half the attention that we lavish on our stereotypes, VCRs, etc.!

Our arms race still exists because we are silent. We must decide not to tolerate this situation any longer. The largest obstacle is our fear, which manifests itself as a lack of concern for the world around us. Some people thrive on this impassiveness: it allows them to gain influence and maintain large military budgets.

Our scientific and artistic accomplishments are shining proof of human creative intelligence. The ability to resolve difficult tasks is another hallmark of our civilization. Surely we can use this ability to overcome our single greatest blunder: the nuclear bomb. You can be part of this process by acknowledging that your world encompasses the whole earth. In doing this you will become more aware of the complexity of our biggest problems, as well as gain insight into solutions. No longer can you take your life for granted. A greater appreciation for life on this planet makes it very rewarding to know that one is working to preserve it and nurture its future, regardless of the obstacles that are encountered. No matter

how intangible a possible solution may be when you first become actively involved, the fact remains that nothing is resolved without effort.

There are several effective paths you can pursue to grasp an understanding of the situation. Reading (a short book list accompanies this article) is one of the best ways to find answers (to questions like 'What about the Russians?', etc.). Weighing contrary views is also very useful in gaining a broad understanding and will enable you to confront those views in an enlightened manner.

Some of the people most in need of this education are the politicians who make or vote on military policies. President Reagan dangerously ignores even the basic ingredients that affect issues on which he makes decisions; he lacks knowledge of the weapons themselves and does not know those officials involved in weapons policy decisions. A discussion between Dr. Helen Caldicott and President Reagan in 1982 illustrates this very clearly. After being asked a question put to him by Dr. Caldicott regarding weapons, he answered with questionable accuracy:

"I asked him where he got his data, and he didn't seem to know. I asked him if they came from T.K. Jones, and he didn't appear to know who this was (T.K. Jones is the Deputy Undersecretary of Defence and Research and Engineering, Strategic and Nuclear Forces in the Pentagon—one of the officials in charge of defence policy who made the famous statement, 'If there are enough shovels to go around, everybody's going to make it.')

"President Reagan, during the 1982 European

trip, said to the Westminster Parliament, London, that with a military buildup combined with diplomatic, economic, and propaganda campaigns, the Soviet Union might collapse into the 'ash heap of History'."

How's that for diplomatic, informed leadership? Clearly, our leaders desperately need our input, encouragement, and knowledge. It is quite amazing what politicians can accomplish, if there is significant public pressure (dangle your votes in front of their noses!). We must make them realize that no one has immunity to a nuclear explosion.

PROBABLY THE MOST significant lesson we have learned is that the decisions which have brought us to this dangerous point in history, have been made and have flourished as a result of pretence. Before the dawn of the nuclear age, our species did not consider the possibility that we could become extinct by our own hand. Responsible decisions are not possible when people refuse to acknowledge reality. Given the will, we can reshape our destiny. To do so we must accept our moral responsibility that condemns nuclear strategies as unethical delusions. They are simply contrary to humanity's best interests. Dealing with international conflict by using nuclear strategies is simply out of the question.

In actualizing this moral responsibility, the first step is to increase public awareness. The Walk For Peace in Vancouver will do this. Larger turnouts get more press coverage (local and international) and arouse more curiosity. Increased interest is evident in a turnout that grows larger every year. Our local walk in Vancouver sets an example for other cities (100,000 people from our community is a fantastic display of unity). This growth must continue. Your participation will show the world you are willing to stand up for your beliefs.

To be part of such a large show of combined will for the good of mankind is inspiring. This kind of interest in our future is imperative or else we simply shall not survive.

Without interest there is no will for knowledge.

Without knowledge there can be no motivation.

Without motivation there is no action.

Without action, improvement is unlikely.

Without improvement, there can be no hope.

A Pre-Nuclear Reading List

Gordon Adams: *The Politics of Defence Contracting: The Iron Triangle*

Robert Aldridge: *First Strike: The Pentagon Strategy for Nuclear War*

Dr. Helen Caldicott: *Missile Envoy*

A Halberstam: *The Powers That Be*

George Kennan: *The Nuclear Delusion*

Herman Kahn: *Thinking About The Unthinkable*

Physicians for Social Responsibility:

Nuclear War: The Search for Solutions

Robert Scheer: *With Enough Shovels*

Jonathan Schell: *The Fate of the Earth*

Dr. Linus Pauling, Adm. Eugene Carrol, Dr. Daniel Ellsberg: *The prevention of Nuclear War*

Sir Sidney Zuckerman: *Nuclear Illusion and Reality*

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Life After Life After Bed

SHOWS COME AND GO around here with great regularity, each digging it's own grave and very often being buried alive. Among them Rabble Without a Pause, Rude Awakening and Life After Bed. Each leaving without any sign of returning

from the grave ever again. One, however, has popped the nails on it's coffin and robbed the undertaker of his dirty deed. Enough of this shit!

Life After Bed is back. I've been treated like a piece of shit around here long enough, it's time to be loud or go home. Sunday nights at 1 a.m. turn off your TV and tune into CTR for the ugliest radio you've ever heard. Life After Bed—ugly radio for our time. Forget your avlados, warn your avocado.

Early Music Primer

THE EARLY MUSIC SHOW has been on the air for a year now. By now there are people to be a few listeners who want a few representative medieval, renaissance, or baroque recordings, and, as you've probably guessed, I've got a few suggestions.

One rule of thumb is the newer the recording the better, and not merely for reasons of sound quality. Scholarship is steadily advancing, and there has been a recent proliferation of musicians adept at archaic instruments. Still, there are always those classic recordings not likely to be equalled for some time. My list reflects general critical opinion, my own (of course), price and availability. For more information and excerpts from the recordings listed, tune in on April 5th.

An Early Music Basic Library

Twelve recordings for novice and connoisseur:

Ave Maria; Gregorian chants; St. Maurice & St. Maru, Phillips Festivo 6570 154

The Art of Courtly Love; Munrow, Seraphim 3-LP sic-6092

Tallis: Spem in Alium; Willcocks, Argo 411 722-1

Dance Music from the time of Praetorius;

Collegium Terpsichore, Archiv 198 166

Monteverdi: Vespers of the Blessed Virgin;

Harnoncourt, Telefunken SAWT 9501/02.

Holborne: Music by...; Extempore String

Ensemble, Meridian E77027

The King's Singers' Madrigal Collection; MMG 1105

Purcell: Birthday Odes for Queen Mary; Munrow, Angel S-37251

Vivaldi: L'Estro Armonico; Hogwood, Oiseau-Lyre 2-LP D245D2

J.S. Bach: Goldberg Variations; Pincock (Harp-sichord), Archiv 2533 425

J.S. Bach: 6 Brandenburg Concertos, Harnoncourt, Teldec 2-LP 6.35620

Handel: Water Music; English Concert, Archiv 410 525-1

—Ken Jackson

CITR Benefit

The CITR Mondays In March benefit concert series at the Savoy continues in April. A strange phenomenon we admit, March being extended by two weeks to accommodate a CITR fundraiser. Lineups have not yet been confirmed, but stay tuned for further details.

CITR Presents...

Upcoming CITR concert presentations include:

Violent Femmes with guests,

Commodore Ballroom, April 11

Tupelo Chain Sex, with Rhythm Mission

at the Luv-A-Fair, May 15

Husker Du with guests at the Luv-A-Fair, May 22

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Survey Says!!!



AFTER 3 MONTHS OF WAITING, THE RESULTS OF THE CITR/Disorder Listener/Reader Survey are in. Hours of tabulation and careful analysis have produced the following results. Make of them what you will.

There were a total of 228 responses. Of these: 18% attended UBC; 19% attended high school (not every day, mind you); 19% attended another post-secondary institution. The remaining 44% were either students of life or were, I presume, deceased. 152 (62%) individuals purported to be male, 73 said they were female, and the rest championed equality by refusing to answer the question. (Most of these didn't give their age, either.)

A whopping 95% of the respondents had listened to CITR before. Of those who had listened (and are listening) 11% tuned in once a month; 6% tuned in once a week; 35% listened a few times a week, and 47% were habitual users. (Don't ask me what happened to the other 1%. I think they're trapped inside the decimal places.)

59% tuned into CITR on FM, 41% on cable; these numbers, interestingly, are close to the numbers of those having problems with our signal: 62% reported problems while 38% were lucky enough to receive CITR distortion-free.

"Hail to the new boss, Same as the old boss"

THIS WAS THE PART where you got to compare the new regime of dictatorial DJ's with the old regime of megalomaniac announcers. 60% of those responding enjoyed CITR's programming more than a year ago, and 54% enjoy it more than they did two years ago. On the flip side, 23% enjoy the new boss less than last year's; 26% less than two years ago. 12% enjoy CITR just the same as they did both one and two years ago.

You also told us which other stations your radio stops at (at least, 83% of you did). CFRO tops the list with 41%, followed by CBC FM (33%), CBC AM (22%) and various Top 40 FM stations (18%). Only 11% 'fessed up to listening to Top 40 AM radio, most to LG73.

Finally we asked you to confess to the sin of home taping off CITR. 50% of you said you did, 45% said no way and 5% kept their mouths shut.

Next you had to tell us what you thought of the rag you hold in your hands. Where did you pick it up?

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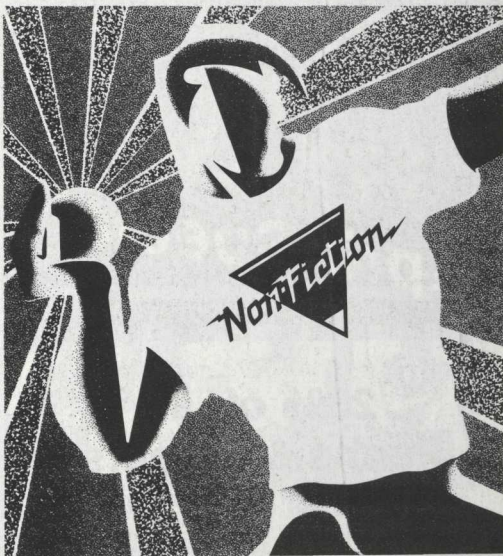
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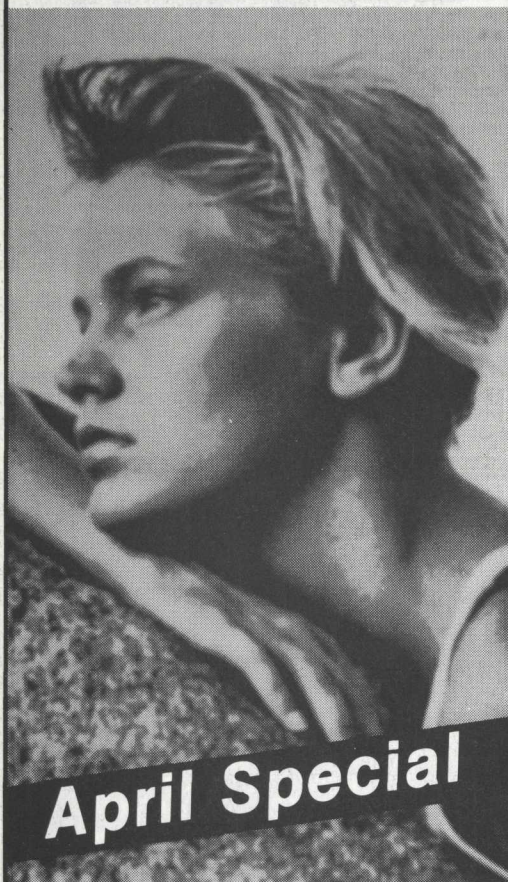
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(Yeah I know it adds up to 142.5%, but some of you like to get your *Discorders* all over town.)

95% of you told us how many people read each copy, the breakdown as follows: just one - 40%; two - 33%; four - 10%.

Most of you also told us you wanted *more*. More of just about every feature in the magazine—

	Want More:	Want Less:	Like It As It Is:
Airhead	64%	9%	27%
Behind The Dial	42%	23%	34%
Vinyl Verdict	74%	9%	17%
Demo Derby	63%	11%	26%
Armchair Eye	32%	29%	39%
Music Features	80%	1%	19%
Local Music			
Features	79%	6%	15%
Non-Music			
Features	40%	36%	24%
Cartoons	72%	11%	17%

The next section of the survey asked our listeners to tell us their feelings on various aspects of our programming. We asked you to rate these features on a scale of 1-5, with 1 representing an extremely negative response and 5 representing wild applause. It was, we realize, a flawed system since some tended to give out 1s and 5s with gay abandon while others tended more toward the middle ranges. Also, the system gave little room for you to tell us why you liked or disliked a show. At any rate, the responses were added up, then divided by the number of respondents to give an average based on a possible score of 5.

Regular Music Programming	4.1	Powerchord	2.1
News	2.6	Neofile	3.6
Live Sports Broadcasts	1.4	Generic Review	3.4
High Profiles	3.7	No Commercials	4.7
Public Affairs Programming	2.5	Rockers Show	3.0
Public Service Announcements	3.2	African Show	3.0
Music Of Our Time	2.9	Folk Show	2.5
Soul Galore	2.9	Just Like Women	2.2
Fast Forward	3.4	Party With Me Punker	3.6
The Jazz Show	2.8	Mel Brewer Presents	4.0
UBC Weekly	1.9	Big Show	3.0
Top Of The Pops	3.3	Propaganda	3.6

A disappointing 42% of respondents said they used our program guide—On The Dial—before tuning in to CTR. We wondered why we were getting requests for the Ramones in the middle of the African Show.

52% said they would pay for *Discorder*. This is by no means a mandate for price gouging, but in these days of tight money we're always looking for a way to make *Discorder* bigger and better. The circumstances under which 53% of you would pay rated as follows: more pages - 76%; to benefit CTR - 71%; to decrease advertising - 21%.

Some of the feature ideas we ran past you received positive response: 30% would like to see DJ profiles in *Discorder*; 38% would like a local gossip column; 37% want book reviews; 47% want social and/or political commentary; 29% want stories on student issues; 39% want broader arts coverage.

Thanks for taking the time to fill out the surveys. And special thanks to all those who donated prizes and helped compile the survey results. Let's do it again sometime.

SURVEY COMMENTS

- Please ask everyone to cut the continual on-the-air crap about totally trivial and moronic shit—play music from Satan and spaceship music or I'll kill you.
- I'm a long-time listener/reader of your output. It gets better and better, unlike most other radio stations/publications.
- More jazz and classical music programming is necessary! CTR programmers could learn a lot by listening to KOUW (a true university radio station reflecting a musical taste beyond the latest 'hip' guitar band).
- I like everything that is undesirable and experimental, non-commercial spiritual rhythms, "industrial music," anything that is untraditional, taboo and avant garde. Anything that intimidates people.
- Kirby Hill and Mike Johal give eye-opening political insights while still putting on great shows.
- Some of the DJs are too egotistic and verbose.
- Love it, want more.

- The guys who do Neofile are the idiot-equivalent of Buzz and Dave on Soundproof—drone, drone, drone—boring, otherwise improving.
- I can't receive it in Coquitlam without cable. Wombat is my long-lost brother.
- Don't remove Party With Me Punker or I will cease to listen.
- There is too much punk and thrash rock played.
- Keep Party With Me Punker on the air.
- Burn the Big Show goof. Too much thrash.
- Discorder is great.
- LESS JAZZ.
- I hope you go high power—the reception I get is really bad. Discorder could be bigger. Jazz Show is great.
- Half of the CITR DJs cannot speak or read English.
- CITR is a suicide prevention device.
- Death would be too kind for the likes of the trendy airheads that populate the elitist corporation that masquerades as a "free" station.
- Groovie.
- Get rid of the news.
- Love CITR. Look forward every month to latest edition of *Discorder*. Am sitting here with Fast Forward on while I write this out.
- More demos, less interviewing on Mel Brewer.
- I have listened to CITR for about 4 years now. I especially enjoy Jason Grant and Mike Johal.
- Cut off Jason's fucking head and ram it down his fucking throat, then cut his thumbs and ram them—
- Great magazine!! Expand! More ads if necessary to keep down price. I like D. Watson and Jason G. CITR: go high power! I signed the petition, what happened?
- Bring back the Playlist Show format.
- Talk between toons should be relevant and informative, please less burble, especially Saturday AMs.
- CITR is a good alternative radio station flavoured with a slight anarchistic feeling that keeps things interesting. *Discorder* reflects this.
- PSA carts are overplayed.
- Gave the Folk Show a 4 for all the UK football scores and his accent.
- Get down off your boring old pedestals and get into music instead of all your egos.
- We want a glossy front cover! Nude pictures!
- Just Like Women never offers positive alternatives. (Have you ladies considered suicide?)
- Make Just Like Women 2 hours, or 1/2 hour daily.
- Less Vinyl Verdict; have comments on Neofile instead.
- Although the DJs are good they sometimes talk too much, I want to listen to music.
- Keep *Discorder* as weird as possible. CITR: I like Wednesday Night at the Fights.
- Good mag. Doing a good service for local muzak!
- God help us if there was only C-Fossil and *Georgia Straight* to keep us informed.
- Discorder's really good, wish I could get CITR in White Rock. Fun to read on the bus.
- Nuke Dafoe!
- Discorder: great mag. CITR: wish I could get it on my radio.
- Keep *Discorder* topics on music, forget shit politics, ditto for on air. Just play new music on air.
- More 60s rock n' roll! More punk rock!
- CITR is great when it's not being cluttered up with horrid public affairs and specialty shows. I know your license requires them, but they are really insipidly dull.
- Saturday and Sunday evenings are great! Propaganda, PJ Party, FF, etc.; they have good, intelligent announcers, especially Mike Johal.
- PS. I hope you're all good capitalists!
- Wish I could get you on my radio at home. Stay rad. Don't go yuppie, please!
- The DJs should be able to speak English properly—start a fund to send the news staff back East so that they may learn to speak properly.
- Go high power, please!
- Cover as much local stuff as you can! (esp. Slow, Soreheads, NoMeansNo, etc.)
- Everybody should just drink and do drugs and have more sex. Get a strong enough signal to reach the north end of Vancouver Island.

CFMI Presents
ECHO &
THE BUNNYMEN



& THE CHURCH

APRIL 11 • 8 PM

The Orpheum

Tix: VTC/CBO and all its usual outlets.
Info & Charge 280-4444 Plus Zulu & Odyssey

C-FOX presents

SIMPLE MINDS



WITH GUESTS THE CALL

April 29 • 7:30 pm

Pacific Coliseum

Tix: VTC/CBO & all its usual outlets.
Info & Charge 280-4444.

ON THE DIAL

WEEKDAY REGULARS

- 7:30 am **Sign-On**
 8:00 am **WAKE-UP REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
 10:00 am **BREAKFAST REPORT**
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEW** and **INSIGHT**.
 12:00 pm **HIGH PROFILE**.
 1:00 pm **LUNCH REPORT**
 News, sports and weather.
 4:30 pm **AFTERNOON SPORTSBREAK**
 6:00 pm **DINNER MAGAZINE**
 News, sports and weather followed by **GENERIC REVIEWS**, **INSIGHT** and a **DAILY FEATURE**.
 4:00 am **Sign-Off**

WEEKDAY HIGHLIGHTS

MONDAYS

SOUNDTRAK

10:30-11:30 am

So, here it is: a program of music



An eclectic assortment of good quality used clothing for men and women

Our new comic T-shirts are in!

2565 Alma 224-5711

and UBC poets lined up for April. Most of them are published by ARC magazine and are pretty normal.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00 pm-12:30 am

Vancouver's longest-running prime time Jazz program, featuring all the classic players, the occasional interview, and local music news. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker.

06 Apr. The great **Roland Kirk**, featured in two live performances: in Copenhagen and at the 1968 Newport Jazz Festival.

13 Apr. **Miles Davis' Jack Johnson**—the post-1970 Miles' album for those who don't like post-1970 Miles.

20 Apr. **Pete Johnson's Housewarming**. In the days before the LP this great Boogie-Woogie piano player invited his friends over to his house to play. On these sides we hear their arrival as they make themselves comfortable and join in. Featuring Ben Webster and Hot-Lips Page.

27 Apr. **Charles Mingus—Changes 1 & 2**. Arguably Mingus' last great albums. We'll hear excerpts from both.

CITR DEBATES

5:30-6:00 pm

Stephen Gold hosts the logical successor to rock wrestling.

THE BLUES SHOW

8:00-9:00 pm

Can blue men sing the whites? Join host Eric Von Schlippen to find out.

TUESDAYS

UBC WEEKLY

10:30-11:00 am

A new show dealing with issues of concern to students at UBC.

THE FOLK SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

It's Tuesday and you're not even tempted by 2 for 1 movies, so why not tune in to CITR's Folk Show? See what traditionally-based music can do for you as host Steve Edge presents a foot-stomping mix of Celtic & Rogue Folk. Features during the month are:

01 Apr. **April Fools & Easter Fests**. Folk music from the bizarre to the irreverent.

08 Apr. **Rogue Folk Extravaganza!** Featuring The Men They Couldn't Hang and the Boothill Foot Tappers.

15 Apr. **Oh Canada!** A personal celebration of 5 years in 'This Land of Ours' with music from some of Canada's finest performers.

22 Apr. **The New St. George**. A St. George's Eve spectacular with English folk music at its best.

29 Apr. **The Boys of the Lough**. One of Celtic music's longest-running & most accomplished combos, they are regular visitors to Vancouver. This evening's show may help to explain why...

BUNKUM OBSCURA

9:30-11:00 pm

A variety show of sorts, from time to time there will be live in-studio interviews, perhaps

some poetry reading, music, of course, etc. Bunkum *latin (n)* Bullshit
 Obscura *latin (adj)* hidden

LOVE PEACE AND VIOLENCE

11:00-1:00 pm

An earnest effort to resolve 7,000 years of passion, sedation and empty threats (read civilization), featuring live sex, tape loops, simulated drug taking and lots of normal music. "Some things are so stupid that they must be done." E. Raoul

PLAYLOD

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Where rage, soiling (under control), catharsis & discipline are conditions for a certain aspect of sanity. Music for Transylvanian insect life. Aural Surgeon: Larry Thiessen

01 Apr. A collaborative Easter aftermath with 'Bill & Norm.

08 Apr. A survey of the work of **David Tibet** 93.

15 Apr. Harsh Reality. A night of power electronics.

22 Apr. Music for D.H. Lawrence's *The Devils*.

29 Apr. TBA

WEDNESDAYS

VANCOUVER INSTITUTE

10:30-11:30 pm

02 Apr. **Dr. Partha Dasgupta: The Silent Food War**

09 Apr. **Dr. Arthur Kleinman: Bodily Idioms of Distress**

16 Apr. **Sir John Donaldson: The Courts: The Citizen's Non-Nuclear Deterrent**

23 Apr. TBA

30 Apr. TBA

JUST LIKE WOMEN

5:15-6 pm

Woman, heal thyself with Ann and Lil's remedy for the Old Boys' Network: an hour of news, interviews, and music. A shot in the arm for all women, and for any man who likes them.

THE AFRICAN SHOW

8:00-9:30 pm

A program featuring African music and culture with hosts Todd Langmuir, Patrick Onukwulu and Dido. Tune in for the latest news from Africa, plus special features at 5:00 pm.

THE KNIGHT AFTER

Midnight to 4:00 am

Music to clobber Yuppies by—featuring radio shows traded with alternative stations in Europe and the U.S. This show will really mess up your BMW!

THURSDAYS

STUDENTS FOR A DEMOCRATIC UNIVERSITY/AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

10:30-11:00 (alternating weeks)

PARTY WITH ME, PUNKER!

3:00-5:00 pm

The show the Minutemen liked so much, they named one of their albums after it.

03 Apr. Live Minutemen

10 Apr. Surf Season Opener Special

17 Apr. 85 RPM
 24 Apr. Request Show
 PLUS: The death of Mike Raphone (gone to that big alternative radio station in the sky.)

TOP OF THE BOPS

8:00-9:00 pm

On the 10th of this month Vancouver Record Collectors' Association business manager and vinyl fiend Chuck Demean will be in to spin some vintage shellac.

MEL BREWER PRESENTS

11:00 pm-Midnight

We at Mel HQ appreciate your vote of support in the survey. We promise to continue our coverage of the thriving local music scene through interviews, reviews and features...and other stuff.

FRIDAYS

FRIDAY MORNING MAGAZINE

10:30-11:30 am

STIRRINGS: More insights into cross-cultural music, poetry and personalities. Expect spontaneity. With your host and researcher Kirby Hill.

04 Apr. A look at aboriginal rights and title, featuring highlights from the conference at Robson Square of March 5 and the South Moresby March of March 15.

11 Apr. Renaissance/Medieval Music with guitarist Nathaniel Hervitz. Plus a preview of the 1986 Vancouver Children's Festival.

18 Apr. MP Svend Robinson speaks on the needs and concerns of Canada's native people and the government's role in the issue.

25 Apr. Another side of Vancouver's independent music culture with Randy Raine-Reusch, Paul Serret, Zaliman, Eric Adams, and guest host Paul Dolden.

POWER CHORD

3:30-5:00 pm

Vancouver's only true metal show, featuring the underground alternative to mainstream metal: local demo tapes, imports and other rarities, plus album give-aways.

'SPECULUM' — REFLECTIONS ON SITUATIONS

5:30-6:00 pm

News; P.E.T. (Pessimists Endurance Training); and "Forward From the Past."

SOUL GALORE

8:00-9:30 pm

All the tearjerkers, all the hipshakers. From R&B to funk and especially soul. Join Fiona MacKay and Anne Devine at this new time.

THE BIG SHOW

9:00 pm-midnight

Why pay money to get into a nightclub on a Friday night? If Big International can't get you dancing, no one can.

THE VISITING PENGUIN SHOW

Late night 1:00-4:00 am

Interviews with local musicians and artists, the newest sounds at CITR, your personal requests and even golden oldies. What more

could you want? Hosted by Andreas Kitzmann and Sheri Walton.

WEEKEND REGULARS

8:00 am Sign-On

Noon BRUNCH REPORT

News, sports and weather.

6:00 pm SAT./SUN. MAGAZINE

News, sports and weather, plus GENERIC REVIEW, analysis of current affairs and special features.

4:00 am Sign-Off

WEEKEND HIGHLIGHTS

SATURDAYS

EARLY MUSIC SHOW

7:30-10:30 am

Have breakfast to music from the Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque periods, played on strange and exotic instruments. With host Ken Jackson.

05 Apr. The Basic Early Music Library (see listing in Behind the Dial for more info)

12 Apr. Medieval Troubadours

19 Apr. Henry Purcell

26 Apr. W.A. Mozart Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter") performed by The Academy of Ancient Music

Kitsilano's Night Time Cabaret
 We open at 7...We party 'til 2

Featuring Great music & dancing!

Buck Off Jacko
 7 till 9 nightly

SIDE DOOR
 2291 WEST BROADWAY

NEOFILE

Noon-4:00 pm

A new look on the Spinlist, with more listings, more readable type, and a new feature—the Top 10. This represents those LPs, EPs and singles that the MD's feel stand apart from the rest of the list. The rest of the list remains ordered according to number of plays on-air, and is divided into 3 groups; heavy, medium and light. The Neofile acts as a radio guide to this list, as your hosts, Jason and Don bring you the latest in music from around the world.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GILLIGAN'S ISLAND?

4:00-6:00 pm

Alas, kiddies, this is the last listing for awhile. The search must continue...in Greece. Join host Iain Bowman for one final month of in-depth probing of little-known philosophies. Assignments for the month:

05 Apr. **The Empire Strikes Back**

12 Apr. Excerpts from the **Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy**

19 Apr. **Stanley Holloway Pt. II**

26 Apr. Final Exam: **Vita Briani**

Au revoir, mes amis.

PROPAGANDA!

6:30-9:00 pm

An eclectic mix of interviews, reviews, music, humour, High Profiles, and other features with Mike Johal.

26 Apr. **ACTIVATE!**

An audio collage. 3 hours. No host. No narration. Music. Sound effects. Voice. Interview clips.

apathy is best but action is better. **Norad**. Frankie. A CALL TO ARMS. awareness. "my god, what have we created?" **PEACE**. Warsaw Pact. doa. WAR. reagan. FB3. "Super-powers don't have friends, they have interests." N.A.T.O. mark stewart. wah! ambivalence is for the mediocre. **Gorbachev**. TEST DEPT. style council. **thatcher**. **MARCH!** Clash. "we begin bombing in 5 minutes." Ha-ha. **BOB MARLEY**. "...add your voice to the sound of the crowd!" Is all propaganda bad?

Regular Features

AEIOU—Political satire with the Artists Educational Iconoclastic Organisation (Un-) limited (6:55 p.m., April 5, 19)

Video reviews—Catherine Wheel, Scum, Best of Elvis Costello (Videos from Videomatica)

Today in History

PYJAMA PARTY

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Your hosts Mike Mines and Robin Razzell present everything from ambient music for snoozing to upbeat tunes for popcorn and pillow fights.

SUNDAYS

MUSIC OF OUR TIME

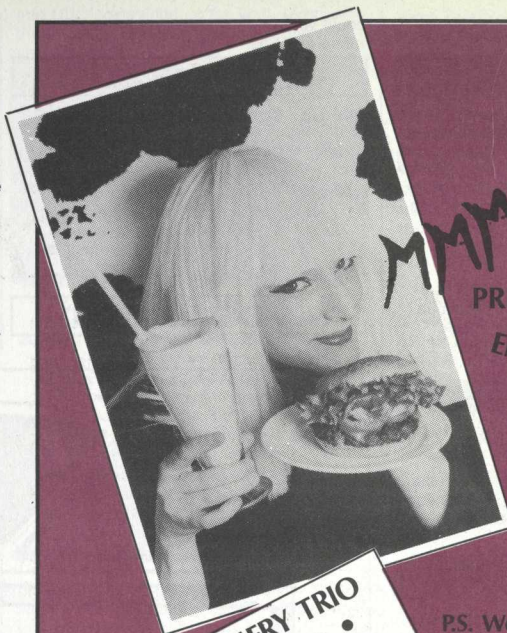
8:00 am-Noon

A sampling of the vibrant, electric and exhilarating sound often erroneously filed under the misnomer of "classical" (i.e. pedantic) music. Paul Smith continues his musical lexicon of the twentieth century, and is joined by Tyler Cutforth, with his favorite remedies for Sunday morning complacency.

ROCKERS SHOW

Noon-3:00 pm

The best in Roots, Rock, Reggae, DJ and



THE MONTGOMERY TRIO
• Saturdays 9:00 p.m. •
improv jazz & popular songs
...with special guest vocalists
APRIL 5th 12th 19th

433 West Pender
685-5524

11:30-11 Mon. - Thurs.
11:30-1 Friday
12-1 Saturday

MONTGOMERY CAFE
PRESENTS SPECIAL
EVENING
ENTERTAINMENT
FEATURES
THROUGH
APRIL

P.S. We've got **BLACKBOOKS**
for sale at 13.99!

T.V. DINNER NIGHTS
• Thursdays 8:00 p.m. •
APRIL 3rd
Pennies From Heaven
APRIL 10th
The Buddy Holly Story
APRIL 17th
This Is Elvis
APRIL 24th
Grace Jones: A Stay of Grace

Dub. With your hosts George Family Man Barrett, Collin Hepburn and Bruce James.
06 Apr. **Singers and Players**. On-U-Sound
13 Apr. **Brigadier Jerry** Jamaica Jamaica
20 Apr. **Rita Marley** Rasta Woman, Irie Sister
27 Apr. **Big Youth** Pioneer DJ

SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE

8:00-9:00 pm

Wanted: S.N.L. is currently looking for live tapes of local bands for a possible month of local features. This is a great opportunity to have your band profiled in a live context. So let them tape machines roll. Contact Paul Clarke c/o CTR or phone 228-3017 on Sunday nights.

06 Apr. **King Crimson**

13 Apr. **Talking Heads** Part I
20 Apr. **Talking Heads** Part II
27 Apr. **Richard Thompson** (w/guest host Steve Edge)

FAST FORWARD

9:00 pm-1:00 am

Probably Vancouver alternative radio's most alternative show. Mark Musher searches the world over for experimental, minimalist, avant-garde, electronic, and other non-mainstream sounds.

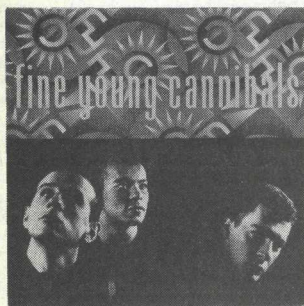
LIFE AFTER BED

1 am-4 am

The return of the nightmare from the people you're parents warned you about. Ugly radio has returned. Warn your avaiados.

VINYL

VERDICT



Fine Young Cannibals

Fine Young Cannibals

(I.R.S.)

TO TAKE AN ANALOGY FROM SPORT, 1979 was a good draft year for British music. It was the year of the Two-Tone ska revival, a movement which spawned a number of talented bands, including the Specials, the Selecter and the Beat. The main aim of these and other bands was to make the youth of the U.K. forget about the dole queue for awhile and go out and dance. For a year or so, it worked. Then in 1981 the Specials' Lynval Golding was stabbed after a gig in Sheffield and it was "Ghost town" time. Most of the bands broke into bitter, disillusioned fragments.

The Beat lasted a bit longer than most, but in 1983 they too bit the dust. Now, over two-and-a-half years later, Andy Cox and David Steele have followed General Publicans Dave and Roger back into the musical arena with the Fine Young Cannibals. But while General Public sounds an awful lot like the Beat with synthesizers, the Fine Young Cannibals have modified the Beat sound by incorporating something of the cool soul style currently popular in England.

For that reason alone, this record should slide easily into this continent's Top 40 charts. (After all, if Sade can make it...) But there are better reasons for this record to make a significant impression on this side of the pond. One is the semi-revelation that Cox and Steele must have been more vital to the Beat than most people supposed—the tunes on this record are surprisingly catchy, besides being superbly executed. The band's real strength, however, is the third Cannibal, Roland Gift.

Without him the record, although pleasant enough, would be a fairly innocuous collection of pop songs. Gift's presence, though, adds another dimension; his voice transforms the material, and conjures up images of Otis Redding or the Temptations. Make no mistake, the guy can sing.

He gets plenty of opportunity to put his gift to work: standouts are "Like A Stranger," "Couldn't Care More," and "Johnny Come Home." The latter cut, the single, is rather typical of the mood of the record, being a plea to a teenage runaway from the distraught parents: "Who do you know? / Where will you stay? / Big city life is not what they say... Johnny, we're sorry / Won't you come on home?"

The same loneliness and despair, set to exquisite pop melodies, permeate much of the album; even the love songs are about disintegrating relationships. The best of these is "Funny How Love Is," a shameless tear-jerker featuring ex-Beat sax man, Saxa, and a devastating vocal from Gift. (Footnote to any girl who has ever dumped her boyfriend: If this song leaves you with a clear conscience then compared to you Alexis Colby is a warm, caring, and compassionate human being.)

Despite the generally morbid lyrics ("Couldn't Care More" is apparently sung by a guy who is trying to ignore a murder in the next-door apartment), the Fine Young Cannibals hit a groove that all too many bands seem to be missing these days, and Gift's voice alone is enough to quell most criticism. Not a record to change your life, but you can never have enough catchy pop music, can you?

—Iain Bowman

Young Fresh Fellows

Topsy Turvy

Popluma Products

I'M STANDING ON THE CORNER OF HASTINGS and Carrall, just hanging around, when this man asks me for a quarter for an alleged cup of coffee. I put down my record bag to reach into my pocket for some spare change and this guy grabs my bag and starts running down the street. So I jump up and down and yell thief, but all the assorted Uncle Wiggly sprawled out on the benches surrounding me just stay put and leer at me because I can't chase after the thief because my hand is stuck in the pockets of my jeans because they're way too tight. One of the more articulate of the derelicts says: "What's da matter, sweetie? Did that nasty man rip off your Young Fresh Fellows' album? Heh, heh, heh."

I swallow and nod. Two great big tears begin to slide down my face as I think about the loss of the most totally cool album of 1985—*Topsy Turvy* by the Young Fresh Fellows. I start thinking about the human condition and I decide to go to the Lotus Hotel for one or five beers.

I sit next to this old man who seems friendly and I begin to tell him about the thief, but I can't tell whether he understands English or not. He nods and smiles energetically, so I finish my

story. After I finish drinking my five or ten beers I start feeling burned. The man who watched me drink my beers offers to drive me around town to look for the thief in his "expansive sport car." I say I have to go to the bathroom and I crawl out of this window.

I decide that I need supplies in order to hunt down this guy properly, so I stop off at the Save-On Surplus on Cambie and West Hastings. I purchase a hunting knife and a Safari hat. The clerk at the counter points out that they're having a special on deactivated hand grenades, so I get one of those too.

Thus equipped, I go back to Pigeon Square. "Okay, rubbies, where's the guy who took my Young Fresh Fellows' album?" I say as I wave my hand grenade menacingly at the benches. One old guy says:

"Is that the record with 'Searchin' USA,' 'Sharin' Patrol Theme' and 'Hang Out Right' on it?"

"Yeah.., what about it? Do you know where it is?" I say as I narrow my eyes meaningfully and unsheath my Save-On Surplus hunting knife.

"Cool record. Joe only wanted to tape it so he could hear it on his walkman because he doesn't have a turntable. Here." I grab my record, press it close to my chest and yell over my shoulder: "Home taping is killing music."

—Julia

Malcolm McLaren

Swamp Thing

MALCOLM MCLAREN — INSTIGATOR OF musical perversity, abuser of cultural identity, the man who went through punk, funk, got hipper, then did opera—has let down his front of creative upheaval and allowed (?) to be released a collection of material recorded between '82 and '84, his hip-hop "rap-off" period.

This record affords a chance to view the fine line between artistic expression and creative indulgence, the line that Malcolm knows too well. His past efforts, and present ones for that matter, have always bordered on the absurdly pretentious, and because of this he has frequently succeeded in shaking up our perceptions and expectations of modern pop/rock music, making us realize the transiency of our trend systems. He has created his own trends through ingenious manipulation of present popular needs, proceeded to rip them off, and then gone on to do the same elsewhere. In "Duck Rock Cheer," for example, he creates a rah-rah atmosphere for a song that he has already recorded, as if this new song is an excited hallelujah response by the peon who exists only to ingest and respond to his whimsical meanderings. Both "Duck Rock Cheer" and "Duck Rocks/Promises" are variations on "First Couple Out," a song released with

Madame Butterfly. Yet all three create their own feel, their own atmosphere mostly though the non-stop production/manipulation of Malcolm and Trevor Horn, without leaving the rather limited format of the song idea itself.

There is no need to describe in detail his collection of songs individually, since they all are basically formed on the same principle, that of sonic and trend manipulation. Malcolm McLaren is a modern man, in the sense that he abuses all that is of the modern world—technology, cross-culturalism, multi-media—and quite often spews out something original, even humorous, deep in cultural connotations. Anyone who cannot giggle at "B.I. Bikki," at least in private, has no sense of humour.

To admit that you like Malcolm's efforts, or at least that you appreciate them, is to be honest and open to the constantly changing and fiercely intangible concept that is called popular music (no categories, please). Even through material

not intended to be released as an album, one can sense the creative and thought-provoking twist of what we have all heard before (and of what some people even hold to be sacred!).

McLaren is not a musician, I would not dare even to call him a songwriter, but he is a producer, one who creates, manipulates, aggravates and agitates, and makes a good living at it. If you think that's not a useful means toward a desired end, stop buying records.

—Robert Shea

Live Skull *Bringing Home the Bait* Homestead (U.S.)

"GUITARS. INSTRUMENTS WHOSE POTENTIAL for innovation is seemingly exhausted.

Hahahahahahaha...Try telling that to Fred Frith, or better yet, Live Skull. While playing it closer

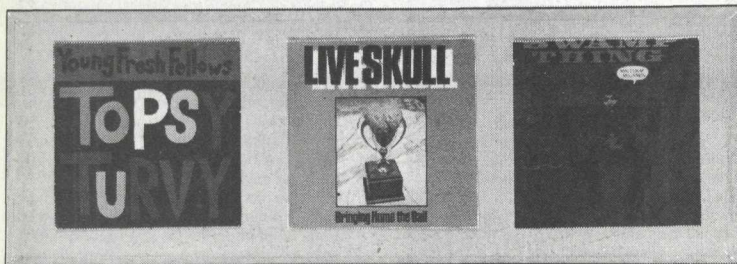
to the rock vert than Frith or his cohorts, this NYC combo manages to wrench some equally mind-numbing sounds out of the six-string dinosaurs.

Less eccentric than Sonic Youth, less blatantly sadistic than Swans, Live Skull shares space with these bands in every 'hip' music magazine around. They also share a predilection for brutal, volcanic sewage that masquerades as music, and stark, violent lyrical imagery. The final common characteristic is their use of the guitar as an abrasive, almost industrial, element of sound.

On *Bringing Home the Bait*, their second 12" effort, Live Skull continues to use the traditional rock rhythm section to create melody while the atonal vocals and guitar wash over (and through!) it all like an acoustic avalanche of mud. Distinguished performances are put in by Marnie Greenholz, bass and vocals (her lyrics on "Sparky" describe a violent sexual encounter with a car; positively anti-social!), James Lo, drums, Tom Paine and Mark C., guitar and vocals. The only major difference between this LP and their self-titled debut is the production. Martin Bisi (of Material fame) has removed one or two unnecessary layers of shit from the sound, exposing an even rawer, more visceral LP than one could have hoped for.

That's fine, you say, but why should I listen to *Bringing Home the Bait*? Is this record pleasant? Enjoyable? Well, those are relative terms, and should not be the only determining factors in one's choice of music, especially today, when wonderfully disturbing sounds are coming out of everyone's hometown. So listen to and appreciate Live Skull; just for the hell of it.

—Jason Grant





WE GO SOUL!

(blues, R & B, gospel, and classics too)

CHARLY — R & B at low prices
ROUTE 66 — essential R & B from Sweden
ROSETTA — Historic womens' jazz & blues collections

- all quality import pressings, attractively packaged with informative liner notes

AMERICAN CLAVÉ BACK IN STOCK
KIP HANRAHAN Vertical's Currency
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Advent

THESE NOTABLE LPS HAVE BEEN RELEASED domestically in the last few weeks under the umbrella label "Folk Music."

Clannad began in Donnegal, Eire as a traditional folk band but have drifted towards a more generally accessible sound. Maire Brennan's voice is hauntingly wonderful and the whole album exudes a pleasant ambience, while retaining the band's Celtic roots. It's hard to differentiate between the tracks as they all seem to run together, but my personal favourites are "The Wild Cry" and "Journey's End."

Fairport Convention are back with their first studio LP since 1979, and are currently on a world tour. Dave Pegg, Simon Nicol and Dave Mattacks are aided by former Soft Machine violinist Ric Saunders, and occasionally Richard Thompson and The Albion Band's Cathy Le Surf, and provide some fine dance music, highlighted by "instrumental Medley '85" and Thommo's guitar work on "Head in a Sack." Established Brit folk stalwart Ralph McTell penned three songs, including the tale of Wat Tyler who led the peasants' revolt in 15th Century England, but the outstanding song is "The Hiring Fair." All in all, a welcome return for the band who started the first folk revival in the U.K. back in the Sixties.

Christy Moore has the definitive Irish singing voice and he also gets help from his former Moving Hearts compatriots Andy Irvine and Liam O'Flynn on his latest LP *Ordinary Man*, which contains a good mix of serious, politically correct songs like the title track, "Blantyre Explosion" and "Quiet Desperation," and more flip-pant ditties like "Delirium Tremens" and "Reel in the Flickering Light." One of the outstanding folk LPs of recent years.

Dick Gaughan's 1983 LP *A Different Kind of Love Song* has been released in Canada for the first time. This man is Scotland's premier singer/guitarist. The songs here are some originals plus covers of more famous peoples' work, e.g. Leon Rosselsson's controversial "Stand Up for Judas." Check it out.

On the import front, Clive Gregson's *Strange Persuasions*, Moving Hearts' *The Storm* and The Battlefield Band's *On the Rise* (featuring pipes on "Bad Moon Rising") are all recommended. Ignore Clive Gregson at your peril! The man is a monster guitarist/singer who used to front Any Trouble and toured with Richard Thompson's band last year.

Finally, check Thommo's video LP *Across a Crowded Room* recorded "live" at Barrymore's in Ottawa. It features the many talents of the great man, as well as more-than-able support from Gregson and Christine Collister.

—Steve Edge

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ARMCHAIR EYE

Who's Afraid of the Art of Video?

The Chez Brothers Investigate Luminous Sites.



IT WAS APPROXIMATELY 8:25 SUNDAY evening when we finally left the Seabus Terminal at the corner of Granville and Cordova. It had been an exhausting day spent attempting to coerce Sunday travellers to give us their expired SkyTrain and Seabus tickets; mothers recoiled when we approached, taking their children in hand, teenagers sniggered, others took pity and offered to pay our fare. We hadn't the inclination nor the breath to explain to each and every one of them the real reason why we wanted their useless travel chits. To these stalwarts of the status quo, our dream—to construct a monument to modern transportation, in this year of Expo, from Metro Transit tickets—would undoubtedly seem ridiculous.

It was becoming clear, by viewing the circus around us, that the attempt to initiate the construction of familiar content in a new form is often treated with a suspicion akin to superstition. Monuments abound, yet we wanted to approach the subject with different materials. These so-called "new" traditionalists are the most resistant to the process of change because it seems to utterly confound their value system, tenuously based on what they think the world should be as opposed to what it actually is. And there were among "new" traditionalists in the Seabus Terminal that day to re-elect the Socreds.

Momentarily dismayed, we crossed Cordova to the Sears Centre where our attention was arrested by an unusual flurry of activity coming from beneath the building in the truck loading bay. Descending the ramp to the dark below, we entered an environment quite unlike that of the average shipping and receiving depot.

Situated on the truck turntable, a huge surface disc that rotates to allow for easier manoeuvrability in tight corners, were three screens projecting recorded images of the live action happening before us. The action consisted of a succession of statuesque characters synchronously moving



with the slow but steady spin of the truck turntable: a young girl twirling her baton, a 50's-style glamour queen, a woman dressed in Red Army fatigues, lissome men shooting light guns, holding disco glitter balls a la Atlas, and blowing saxophones. They were shrouded in smoke pierced by intense lighting effects and propelled by a hypnotically melodic symphony of electronic sound.

What form of show biz glitz is this, we silently wondered? It was theatrical in its consideration of site and viewer perspective, and it was dynamically presented in its provocative use of different mediums. The familiar references were easily identified, yet its form did not immediately expose its function. What was it? Art?

It was, as we were quickly informed, *Body Fluid*, a video installation performance produced by local video artist and bon vivant, Paul Wong. Video installation? It sounded suspiciously to us like a new art form! Rather than recoil with horror, we decided to investigate, hoping to illuminate our initial discovery. Picking up a strikingly designed pamphlet entitled *The Video Inn and Western Front present Luminous Sites*, we found that *Body Fluid* was one of ten video installations occurring at nine Vancouver galleries and city spaces from late February to early April. The exhibition presented works by local artists Wong, Kate Craig and Cornelia Wyngaarden, Ian Carr-Harris, Vera Frankel and Randy & Berenici from Toronto, Max Dean from Ottawa, Barbara Stein-

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By Chris Pearson

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WRONG...?
AM I STILL
BEING
UNDERSOLD?



man and David Tomas from Montreal, and Tomiyo Sasaki from New York.

Each work was presented in the context of "site-specific," utilizing the communicative aspects of the video medium to promote a dynamic interaction between the work, its particular location, and ultimately, the viewer. The pamphlet succinctly pointed out that "artistic priorities in the various works encompass the areas of painterly use of colour and light, the sculptural designation of form and space, the social discussion of content, theatrical references to cultural motifs, the contemplation of place and time, and the realities of technical presence." Whew!

WE KNEW WE WERE ON to something. Having long been averse to the contemporary art world with its institutionalization of art as a market commodity, frustrated by the imperiousness of traditional forms to a world changed by mass technology, we found the combination of elements through the video installation an exciting prospect.

Not only did it seem to offer more opportunity for active involvement on the viewer's part, it challenged the "new" traditionalist notion of art in the social and technological context by presenting familiar concepts in new forms. This we could understand; after all, it hadn't been easy trying to convince the people at Expo HQ of the legitimacy of constructing a transportation monument from Metro Transit tickets.

Seeking inspiration and a fuller understanding of the video installation, we visited several of the *Luminous Sites*. Granted, seven of the ten were installed in galleries not generally frequented by the layman, and of the remaining three installations, only *Body Fluid* and Kate Craig's *Clay Cove Newfoundland* could be referred to as truly 'site-specific' inasmuch as their respective sites had as much to do with their effectiveness in presentation as their content.

Clay Cove was located on the 31st floor of the Park Place office tower, and there Craig astutely employed the seductive qualities of the magnificent harbour view. Once drawn to the window, the viewer was treated to an aural montage of particular Newfoundland sounds. In one corner a video screen ran tape loops of the Atlantic lapping against the cove, reminding the viewer that while it may well be the Pacific below, the effects are similar.

All of the installations illuminated their respective sites by attending to the dynamic interaction between technique and spatial texture, in which video played the connecting role. This interaction was manipulated by the chosen content of the work: robot-video/letraset literature/fabrics of myth and adventure/islands in the sky/cargo cults/dying fish/stagnant monuments/revolving irrelevance/a spouse and a beast/self-reference.

Bingo! What we had was an exercise in aesthetics, a crash-course in a conceptualism that has no beginning and no end, just a middle.

Speaking with Daina Augaitis, who curated *Luminous Sites* with Karen Henry, we discovered that this exhibition, the first of its kind to be presented in the city, was primarily an attempt at not only "legitimizing" the relatively new genre of video art in the traditionalist view, but also accentuating its accessibility to the populace. The technology required is generally available and in the case of the video installation it can become an integral part of the work. The mystery and imagination is provided by the view. Now that's not really so frightening, is it?

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This month
from Fiji

THE HOT WET AIR HIT ME LIKE A SOGGY slap in the face as I walked off the plane. By the time I cleared customs my clothes were drenched with sweat. The airport was small and simple and thankfully free of stale, canned music.

I assembled my bicycle and, in a light rainfall, headed out to enjoy my annual, tropical pilgrimage. Happiness soon turned to terror as a car was heading straight for me, on the same side of the road! I dove for the shoulder and the car, indifferent to my acrobatics, sped past. My first critical lesson had been learned: they drive on the left in Fiji.

Fiji consists of 300 islands in the South Pacific. The population is dominated by two groups. The native Fijians are large, strong and friendly people. For the most part they still live in communal villages of 300 people or less, pursuing a traditional lifestyle of fishing and simple farming for subsistence.

The other major cultural group is East Indian in origin. Originally brought to Fiji to work as indentured labourers on copra and sugar cane plantations, they now outnumber the Fijians and control economic life in the islands.

The two groups keep fairly separate and, though they are highly suspicious of each other, they are proud of the fact that there are few instances of outright racism and fewer still of racially-motivated violence.

This separateness extends into cultural life. The Indian population is mostly Hindu, but there are Sikhs and both groups have schools where traditional dance and music are taught. As a result religious events and cultural celebrations are rich, colourful and noisy affairs.

The Fijians have a simpler style. They love to sing and their voices are strong and full. They harmonize naturally and seemingly in as many parts as there are singers. There is usually someone in the village who plays guitar and he will often find accompaniment from a washtub bass. The songs are slow and mellow. They sing about romance and the land they live in. Every inhabited area has its own song, some with so many

verses that they create a detailed travel guide for those who dare to stray from the beaten track.

I stayed for awhile on a small island in the Yasawa group. One night, after sharing many bowls of Kaxa (the local, non-alcoholic intoxicant) with the village elders, the talk turned to the pending arrival of a cruise ship. The village had a contract with the cruise line to perform a meke on board. A meke is a traditional Fijian song and dance celebration.

The ship arrived the next day and in the evening I went with the villagers to check out their performance. Villagers of all ages took part in the fast-paced, energetic affair—a stark contrast to the lazy singing sessions I had grown accustomed to. The music was provided by guitar and ukelele and rhythm was produced by clapping and beating a long, drumlike instrument against the ground.

THE WOMENS' DANCES were not unlike the Hawaiian hula in that the narrative element was communicated through hand signs and arm motions. But where Polynesian dances are characterized by smooth and sensuous motion, the Fijians move in a sharp, almost staccato style.

The men dance too, and their dances were traditionally used as preparation for battle. They are noisy and aggressive as they move in unison, faces fierce and weapons held high. It was an exciting and moving experience.

Later I asked the chief about the meke. He told me that only villages that do performances for the tourists are maintaining this particular tradition. The kids learn the songs and dances only when they decide to become part of the village meke group, or if they plan to work at a resort. There is a government sponsored traditional dance group but they are virtually ignored by native Fijians.

There is no TV broadcast in Fiji, so the radio is a popular source of entertainment. This, and the need for entertainers who can play modern music at the resorts, has created a small but solid music industry. This is one area where the cultural boundaries between the Fijians and the

Indians begin to melt. There is so much respect for the human voice that excellent singers record popular releases in Hindu, Fijian and English, regardless of their racial origin.

There are a lot of covers of first world pop hits but there are a lot of original recordings as well. Almost every resort has its own house band and their recordings enjoy a reasonable popularity.

As far as imported music goes, Fiji is not much different than anywhere else. Reggae is extremely popular, and because Fiji was a British protectorate, English ska music sells well too. Otherwise, the music selection on pop radio is like listening to a light rock station in Vancouver. An FM station hit the airwaves last year, but aside from a few American and British rock specials, the selection is predictably bland.

With such a large Indian population it is not surprising that there is one Hindu station dedicated to playing hits from the massive pop music industry in India. To my untrained ear, much of this music sounded like my stereotype of traditional Indian music; strange instruments, inconsistent rhythm and drone-like, nasally vocals. My Indian friends assured me that in fact, Indian pop music has its own distinct style.

Shortly before leaving Fiji I stayed in the capital city, Suva. I was sitting on my bed in a \$4.00 per night dorm when my Fijian roommate walked in and popped a tape into his ghetto blaster. It was a locally-made medley of insipid hit songs, past and present.

An Indian family lived next door and in self-defence they turned their radio way up and the strange sounds of Indian music battled with the mediocre pop for aural supremacy. Then the bells started ringing in the church at the end of the block. Soon the full congregation were belting out Christmas carols in multi-part harmony.

At first I was confused, then slightly terrified by the crazy cacophony. But then I remembered I was soon to return home and I laughed at myself. What better preparation could I find for my impending return to the aural onslaught of Vancouver's own FM102.

—Kawika

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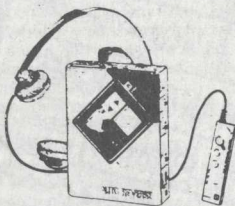


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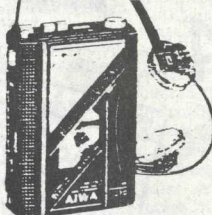


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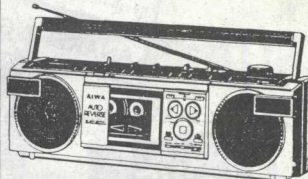


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